

St. Johnsbury Business Directory
MRS. E. McDUGGALL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
MILLINERY AND DRY GOODS,
Opposite St. Johnsbury House.
MRS. M. A. HIGGINS,
MILLINERY GOODS, CLOAKS, TRIMMINGS,
Main Street—Opposite Post Office.
W. H. HORTON,
MERCHANT TAILOR, and dealer in
Ladies' Dressing Goods, - Railroad Street.
S. B. FLINT,
Manufacturer of HARNESSES, Etc.,
Opposite Post Office, - Railroad Street.
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Dealer in WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER AND
GOLD, STATIONERY, BOOKS, STATIONERY, FANCY
Goods, Toys, Etc.,
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East Main Street.
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DEALER IN STABLE, PASSENGER CARRIAGES, and from the
State of Central Vermont, near St. Johnsbury House.
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Dealers in BOWLS, BILLIARDS, CIGARETTES,
N. 2 Bingham's Building, Main Street.
ALEXANDER THOMPSON,
IRON FOUNDER AND MACHINIST,
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BUTLER'S BUILDING, Main Street.
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MARBLE AND MONUMENTAL WORK,
Railroad Street.
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MEAT MARKET, Kittredge's Building,
Main Street.
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MEAT AND PROVISION MARKET,
Butler's Building, Railroad Street.
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AT ST. JOHNSBURY PORTRAIT GALLERY,
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Pratt's Building, Main Street.
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Dealer in DRY GOODS, SILKS, SHAWLS, & C.,
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AGENT FOR THE VT. ACTUAL FIRE INS. CO.,
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DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES AND LEATHER,
Kittredge's Building, Main Street.
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St. Johnsbury, Vt.
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DENTAL SURGEON,
Office opposite Bank, - Main Street.
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Manufacturers and Dealers in FURNITURE,
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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, BEAR, Vt.
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(Successor to Dr. Alexander),
Court Street, - Danville, Vt.
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Carriages always on hand. Also, all kinds of Carriages made
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The Caledonian.

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Selected Poetry.

Twenty Years Ago.

'Twas in the flush of summer time,
Some twenty years or more,
When Ernest lost his way, and crossed
The threshold of our door.

I'll never forget his look of jet,
His brow of Alpine snow,
His many grace of form and face,
Some twenty years ago.

The hand he asked I freely gave—
Mine was a happy lot—
In all my pride, to be his bride,
Within my father's cot.

The faith he spoke he never broke,
His faithful heart I know,
And well I vow, I love him now,
As twenty years ago.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"What I Live For."

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

General Miscellany.

Husbands and Wives.

Husbands are often thoughtlessly exacting and impose such a variety of petty duties on their uncomplaining wives, that the color fades from the cheek and joy dies out of the heart. A little more thoughtfulness and tender sympathy would change the entire aspect of many homes. A contributor to Life Illustrated tells a story which has a good moral.

It was the freshest of April mornings with a soft wind that had rifled all manner of sweet scents from dimpled hollows purpled over with young violets, and solitary brook-side fringed with white anemone stars, and wafted them into the city streets to revive many a weary dweller among paving stones. Mrs. Arden, standing at her window looked down at the few feet of earth that city people dignify with the title of "garden," and felt the sunny spring influences even there.

"What a lovely morning," said she to herself, "this is the very time to put my dahlias into the ground and take care of the roses—how fortunate that to-day will be comparatively a leisure day to me. Women don't often get released from the domestic treadmill, and what with spring sewing, company and house cleaning, I have been literally a slave for the last three months. Once out in the open air among the flower roots and I shall feel as though I was entering a new life."

Ignorant Mrs. Arden. Had she lived to be thirty years old without knowing that a married woman ought not to breathe, without first asking her husband if it's perfectly proper and convenient? Mr. Arden had laid out an entirely different programme for his lady wife, for in he came, discontentedly eyeing the new overcoat he had been buying.

"Nellie, can't you fix this overcoat somehow? There is something hitchy about the collar—you can tell where the trouble is, you're so smart with your needle."

Mrs. Arden took it out of his hands and looked at it despairingly—there was full three hours' work about it.

"And Nellie—if you wouldn't mind altering these shirt bosoms—they're all of a wrinkle—the pattern was a bad one."

"You insisted on having them made according to the very pattern, entirely against my advice."

"Well, I know I did," said Mr. Arden, rather sheepishly; "Martin said it was a good one, but then, Martin don't know everything."

"I wish you had found out that out before the shirts were made," said Mrs. Arden petulantly.

"I say," interposed her spouse, apparently rather desirous of changing the subject, "what are you going to have for dinner?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," was the vexed reply, "I believe men are always thinking about eating—no sooner is breakfast over than dinner begins to disturb them."

"I wish you would make one of those puddings I like—make it yourself, for Susan always mangles it. We haven't had one for a long time now."

"There goes the day of leisure that was to have put my garden in such beautiful order," sighed Mrs. Arden.

"Oshaw," said her husband contemplating his whiskers in the glass, "what do you care about garden work? A woman ought to find her chief happiness in domestic duties. I don't approve of this everlasting fidgeting about flowers."

"Harry," said his wife, "you would not be at all contented if your office work was so endless that you never got a moment's time to smoke a cigar, or read a book or newspaper?"

"N—no," replied Mr. Arden hesitatingly, "but you are not a man."

"No—I know I'm not," said Mrs. Arden quickly, "but if I were, my wife should have a little leisure to breathe occasionally."

rest and look over his newspaper. But the balmy wind fanned his forehead like narcotic incense, and the sensation of *dolce far niente* was inexpressibly delightful—the closely printed columns became a mere confused blur, and the first Mr. Arden knew he was—not exactly asleep perhaps, but certainly not very wide awake.

Something carried him back to the time when Nellie had been a bride—fresh and blooming as a rose. How well he remembered the blue light of her eyes and the sat in brightness of her complexion. She had grown wan and weary looking since those days. Was it possible that he had been lacking in care and tenderness? It was rather an uneasy twinge of conscience, for he did love her, rattle brained and thoughtless though he was.

He thought of her sitting alone through the glorious April day bending over the work he had assigned to her until the pallor deepened on her cheek and the eyes grew dim and lusterless—he remembered the many, many days she had spent in the same weary occupation. No wonder that she loved the flowers whose freshness seemed to revive her whole nature.

A man may be very cruel to a woman without beating her or denying her the necessities of life.

Suppose she should drift away from him like a delicate leaf upon a swift running stream. He shuddered at the very idea—She was not strong enough. The time might come when a narrow grave and a white head stone would be all that remained of his little wife. And then—should he not remember all these things?

He started up from the troubled network of fancy that had woven itself into a vague dream; the sunshine lay brightly on the floor and the fingers of the office clock pointed to the hour at which he usually went to dinner.

The pudding was made—the coat in prime order—the unsatisfactory shirts ripped apart and Nellie, though pale and tired looking, came to the door with a smile to greet her husband.

"Why Harry, what on earth have you got there?" she exclaimed as Mr. Arden came up the steps staggering under the weight of two or three blossoming geraniums and verbenas which he had brought from down town with incredible difficulty.

"Thought you would like some flowers for your garden, my dear," explained he, and Nellie straightway gave him a pleased, happy look, which he did not soon forget.

"And now," said he, after dinner, "there is not much to do at the office to-day—suppose you and I devote the afternoon to garden work. We can make the little place as neat as a pin."

"O Harry, that would be delightful," exclaimed she with brightening eyes, "but the shirts—"

"O no matter about the shirts, let 'em wait—I want to see your cheeks a little redder, my love."

Mrs. Arden wondered in her secret heart what had wrought this agreeable change—she didn't know anything about her husband's dream.

HEAT FROM THE STARS.—It is a startling fact that if the earth were dependent alone upon the sun for heat it would not keep existence in animal and vegetable life upon its surface. It results from the researches of Pouillet that the stars furnish heat enough in the course of the year to melt a crust of ice seventy feet thick—almost as much as is supplied by the sun. This may appear very strange when we consider how immeasurably small must be the amount of heat received from any of those distant bodies. But the surprise vanishes when we remember that the whole firmament is thickly gemmed with stars.

A GOOD BEGINNING.—A few weeks since a colored gentleman direct from the coast of Africa, having been in the city about two weeks, called on Rev. Mr. Coe and applied for permission to attend school, giving his age as thirty years, and being able to read most of the alphabet.

He was admitted to the Bush Street Boy's Grammar School as a *novice* scholar. He has attended that school four weeks, and at the close of the last term he was able to read in easy reading very well for a boy, and could write his name and some other words.

His thirst for education knows no bounds. As an evidence of this, he was told by his teacher, (being an inveterate smoker) that his smoking might hinder his learning, when he immediately replied, "then I knock off," and so he did, an example worthy of imitation by some of the fast boys of New Bedford.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

A SINGULARLY PITIFUL FORGERY.—A number of papers, Democratic in politics, but which have heretofore been considered otherwise respectable, have given circulation to the following untruth:

"The Springfield Republican, which has probably more influence in the party than any other paper in New England, says: 'Republicanism is so dead that, as a party, we really lack the stimulus to a healthy excitement.'"

This these papers make the text for sneering comments upon an alleged want of enthusiasm in the Republican party. What the Springfield Republican did say, and what frequently hereafter have occasion to say, is this:

"The Democratic party is so dead here and everything but Republicanism is so dead, that, as a party, we really lack the stimulus to a healthy excitement."

A party which was reduced to so pitiful a condition as this certainly deserved the death which has overtaken it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Jealous Man.

BY J. G. HOLLAND, (TIMOTHY TITCOMB.)

Fred Kennedy is my best friend. We were in college together and deep in one another's confidence. He studied law and opened an office in the city; I read medicine and opened an office in the country. But Fred got in love and forgot me until about three months after his marriage, when I received a letter from him which troubled me very much. It was full of vague hints of sorrow and anger and deep despair. He wanted to see me. He must see me and tell me what he could not write. It was a week before I could leave a patient dangerously ill—but one fine afternoon, after three nights of watching I threw myself and my carpet bag into the cars for the city. I slept all the way, only disturbed by two punches in my ribs and an equal number in my ticket, and at eight o'clock found myself ringing the bell at the door of Fred's pretty residence on — street.

A very trim servant girl answered to my summons. I knew by her look that she had heard of me and suspected who I was. Mr. Kennedy was at home, she said, and was in the parlor, the door of which she swung open to me after I had laid aside my overcoat. I entered the door but the parlor seemed to be empty. I looked about the walls but the only thing which fastened my attention was the exquisite portrait of a beautiful woman, almost enveloped in the misty bridal veil—a very marvel of painting—through which a face of sweet beauty and rare intelligence—

It seemed strange that the parlor should be without an occupant, and I advanced toward the portrait without noticing that a deep easy chair, its back toward me was planted before it. I very soon perceived it was occupied, for an embroidered slipper peered out from one side, toying with the air as if the heart of the one who wore it were absorbed in happy contemplation.

I coughed slightly and in an instant Fred Kennedy was on his feet and I was in his arms. I never saw him so extravagant in his demonstrations of delight. He shook my hand a dozen times, slapped my shoulder, caught my arm and whirled me around the room, poked the fire and then laughed as if he were insane.

"By George, Tom Conway, I am glad to see you," said he at last, fairly puffing with the demonstrations he had made.

"I had begun to suspect something of that kind," I replied rubbing my shoulder, "I think you must have been cultivating your affections lately."

"Well, I have. What do you think of that?" and he turned me around, and pointed to the portrait.

"Exquisite," I exclaimed.

"Magnificent, isn't it?"

"Mrs. Kennedy?"

"Very pretty, but she's painted."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Now Fred," said I seriously, "sit down.—You are too much excited. It will be the death of you. I have come down to see you professionally. Your letter—"

"—is the letter?"

"It's a clear case of insanity," I continued.

"If I am favored with an interview with the original Mrs. Kennedy I shall reprimand her for leaving you alone so long. Your letter betrayed the most distressing symptoms. I was afraid that I should find you had committed suicide, but I see there has been a reaction."

I said this in a bantering way, but I noticed that Fred's countenance changed until its expression was one of mingled vexation and pain.

"No more of that an' thou lovest me, Tom," he replied and then added, "after you have had supper I will tell you all about it."

Jane is a good creature and has gone to the sewing circle. Those things bore me, and she insists on my staying at home. We shall have a good hour together before her return."

Fred sat almost silent with me in his snug dining room while I did justice to my appetite and his hospitality; then we returned to the parlor, and I gave myself up to slippers, a cigar and Fred's story.

"When I wrote you that letter," said Fred, "I was a fool, but I was very miserable, nevertheless. You see, before I was married, there was a young man in the city, of the name of Benton. He loved Jane; I found it out and I hated him. He was a quiet fellow, with a dark soft eye, and a romantic air, and I can't express the contempt I felt for him. He seemed to me to be a perfect milk-sop. It was before I was engaged, and I used frequently to meet him with Jane at her father's house. I saw that he was in love, head and ears, and what vexed me beyond everything else was that Jane would always treat him respectfully. After he had parted from us on one occasion and she had treated him with the usual consideration, I was determined to bring matters to an end. I proposed before I left, and received the assurance that I was the chosen man."

Well, Benton continued to call. I do not think he knew of the new position of affairs, but it made no difference. I determined to cut him, and I did. I met him in the street in broad day and cut him dead. Who should I find that very night with Jane but this contemptible Benton. He had risen to leave the room with agony depicted upon every feature of his face. I saw it all at a glance—he had proposed and been rejected. All the devil there was in me rejoiced. I have no doubt that I grinned maliciously upon him as he passed out. I could heartily have added a kick to the repulse he had already received. But Jane was distressed. She

was so sorry for him. She wouldn't have it happen for the world. She respected Mr. Benton so much.

"Mr. Benton is a fool," said I. "Don't waste your precious sympathies on such a creature as he."

"Mr. Benton is a gentleman," replied Jane and then the poor girl turned pale, the tears swam in her eyes, and she hid her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed hysterically. I saw that I had been unjust—that I had been mean and cowardly—that my words and bearing had been hateful and contemptible—that there was not the very slightest ground for my feelings—but I was too proud to confess it, so I approached and kindly kissed her forehead, and asked her to forget the matter.

I met Benton in the street frequently after this, and was wicked enough to rejoice in his woe-begone appearance. I was stirred to this partly by the fact that he had once or twice called upon the family, and had been treated with the most considerate cordiality. The fact was I loved Jane almost to distraction and I could not bear to have any other man think of her.

Cards were distributed for the wedding, and one was sent to Mr. Benton. But this gratified my malice. It seemed cruel to invite a man to witness the consummation of the ruin of his hopes, so I was pleased. I doubted whether he would come, but he was there so calm and gentlemanly that I could not help feeling how mean I was in his presence; and of course this did not help the matter. I was more offended with him than ever. I could almost have quarreled with my wife, even on the wedding night, because she treated him with such marked attention. I determined at any rate, that I would cure her of her liking for him, and was almost maddened to hear her express the hope that he would not forget her when she should become settled in her new home.

A few weeks passed away, and he called at my house—at my house! And Jane very coolly informed me of it. "I hope you had a pleasant time with the gentleman," I said dryly. I saw the fire flash in Jane's eye as she replied, "Mr. Benton is always pleasant."

There was an emphasis on the word "always" that offended me. I will not tell more of that very foolish scene. Enough that I was thoroughly discomfited and came out of it hating Benton the more as I was more convinced that he was a better man than myself.

I could not bring myself to command my wife not to see him without a single reason, so I took my satisfaction in behaving like a bear, and making her miserable for a week.

Some days had passed away when one evening a party of merry friends came in and Jane's bridal array became the subject of conversation. A lady of the party expressed a wish to see some article of ornament belonging to the bride dress. Jane endeavored to change the conversation. I saw that she was troubled, but I repeated the lady's request. She replied that she had lent it—and her lips trembled and her cheeks burned as she said it. The ladies saw that something was wrong, and immediately turned attention from the subject.

But I was aroused. In my excited and suspicious state of mind I fancied a hundred things, and somehow they were all associated with Benton. I determined to ascertain where that article had gone. First I took occasion during my wife's absence from the house one afternoon to ascertain that there was not a single article of her bridal attire in the house. I knew that the whole would make a formidable package which she could never or would never have carried away.—Who did carry it? Somebody, probably, who belonged in the house. I called the girl whom you met at the door and asked her whether she had carried from the house lately a package or a bandbox belonging to Mrs. Kennedy. She colored deeply and acknowledged that she had. I inquired as to where she had carried it. She was very humble and deprecated my displeasure, but very positively declined to tell. I coaxed her, undertook to bribe her, and then threatened her, but all to no purpose whatever. Not if I were to cut her in pieces would she tell me.

My suspicions were thoroughly aroused, and I believed from the bottom of my soul that the detestable Benton was somehow connected with the matter. It now became me to put on a smooth and affectionate exterior for I had a secret to fathom. I received Jane on her return with the old fondness, and we passed an evening full of deep misery to me, but overflowing with happiness for her. Where to begin in my investigations I could not tell. I was afraid that the servant would tell Jane of our conversation, but she thoroughly loved her mistress, she promised that if I had no difficulty about it she would not tell her.

I had no resource now but to watch.—The next day, instead of going to my office I took a cigar in the reading room of the — Hotel, and seating myself by a window that gave me a view of my residence, I kept an eye on the door. I had sat there perhaps half an hour when Jane's most intimate friend—Miss Kate Stephens—went tripping down the street and entered the house. A few minutes passed away when she and Jane emerged. Both were bonneted and cloaked for a walk. I slipped out and followed them at a distance through half a dozen streets, until at last they turned in at an open doorway. I marked the number and then went to my office. I was in a fever of excitement. That evidently was no place for ladies to call. The door opened into a blind stairway. There was no name on the door.

The next thing for me to ascertain was the name and character of the persons occupying the rooms above. I went to my dinner as usual and played the careless and happy to the best of my ability. My wife was in a gay mood and seemed almost hatefully charming and brilliant. I kissed her and bade her good evening, pleading business as my excuse for leaving her alone. My steps almost involuntarily took the direction of the morning walk. I was moving briskly along when I discovered a familiar figure before me. I knew it was Benton the moment I fixed my eye upon him. I unconsciously took his pace, keeping a safe distance from him, and followed him street by street, over the same path upon which I had followed my wife. As we approached the suspected door, I fairly held my breath. My blood curdled and every hair on my head seemed to rise up with apprehension. I was not mistaken. He mounted the steps and turning on his heel, coolly paused to pick his teeth as I ground mine together and passed by.

I could not bring myself to the humiliation of doubting my wife's truth to me. The fact that her friend accompanied her certainly did not tend to this conclusion; but the consciousness that she still retained a warm respect for Benton, and that she had met him in an obscure room for any purpose, distracted me. But I had prudence enough to determine to wait for the denouement, and in the meantime to maintain as strict a surveillance of both parties as was possible without endangering detection. Three days passed away, and nothing occurred to prove that the visit had been repeated. I watched her sometimes while she sat at her needlework, and frequently saw a peculiar smile upon her face. On one of these occasions, I abruptly asked her what she was thinking of, and though I importuned her with some degree of severity, I could get no satisfactory reply.

The matter very soon began to wear upon my spirits. I was frightened by my very haggard aspect whenever I looked in a mirror. Jane noticed the fact, and became extremely anxious for me. Her affectionate attentions were more assiduous than ever, and I was ashamed of my suspicious, for I could not doubt the genuineness of her solicitous apprehensions. Still the facts would recur, and I passed many a sleepless night in revolving them.

One day, while sitting in my office, my perplexing thoughts overcame me, and I penned the letter which you received from me. I could keep still no longer without telling some one of the weight which oppressed me. I took the letter to the office myself; and as I felt that solitude would only render me more miserable, I did not return, but kept along through the street. Involuntarily, almost, I so directed my steps as to take the street which contained the secret that was tormenting me. I selected the door at the distance of a block; and my heart sank within me as I saw a gentleman taking leave of a lady upon the steps. They could have been—thay were—no other than my wife and the miscreant Benton. There was no lady with her. I could see that they were laughing merrily.

I had a revolver in my pocket, loaded and capped, and my hand sought it, and was glued to it as I approached the spot. But Jane did not see me, and tripped off in the opposite direction. Benton remained in the doorway, and with my eye fixed madly upon him, I approached him. He did not shrink from my look, but returned it with a smile that puzzled me. I knew not what it was, but there was something in the soft, mild, pleasant eye of the man, and in his untroubled and unsuspecting look that disarmed me. The nearer I approached him, the more disconcerted I became, but as I had evidently aimed at him in my progress, I felt that I could not avoid him; and I determined, moreover, that I could and would bear the suspense no longer.

"Good morning, Mr. Kennedy," said Mr. Benton.

My voice was startlingly husky to myself as I returned the salutation.

"You are just too late to see a beautiful woman," said the man, with just the slightest tremor in his voice.

My blood took fire at once. "Sir," said I, fiercely, "you are a scoundrel!"

"What—can you—mean—sir?" inquired the astonished man, opening his eyes wide with wonder.

"You are a damnable villain, sir; that is just what I mean—an infernal, smooth-tongued hypocrite. I have found you out, and before I part with you you shall in some way give me satisfaction."

The man's eyes actually filled with tears. He trembled from head to foot, and I thought he would fall. I saw guilt in every look and movement, and I saw that I had him, and believed that I could do what I chose with him.

"Have you a room in this building, sir?" I demanded.

"I have."

"Lead me to it."

There was hesitation in his look, and I repeated the demand with an oath. He stood irresolute for a moment, and then said if I would wait a moment, until he had adjusted some affairs in his room, he would comply with my demand. This added new food to my suspicions, and I cursed him for his artfulness. He could not deceive me, and I reiterated my demand that he should show me the room at once.

I do not think that up to this time the shameful nature of my suspicions had really been apprehended by him. When these dawned upon him, there was a fire in his eye and a quick, painful swelling of his veins

and muscles which I pray God I may never see again. Pain, indignation and determination were all there, and I felt in a moment that I had roused a nature whose depth and strength I had failed hitherto to measure.—With great self-control, however, he said, "Mr. Kennedy, you are unjust to a woman whose happiness, I fear, is dearer to me than to you. Did I feel at liberty to disregard her peace, I would sooner hug a dagger to my heart than yield for a moment to your insolence. Even now, you can only enter my room on my conditions. Stand here for a moment, and I will call you."

"Take your own course," I doggedly replied.

He passed up the stairs, and I, to avoid suspicion, looked up to the sky. It was one of those calm winter days that show a heaven as pure and blue as if a storm had never stained it. I had stood thus hardly ten seconds when Mr. Benton descended a few steps and spoke my name. I followed him up the stairs, through a dim passage, into a room chaste in its appointments, but filled with a light as soft and pure as if even the glorious day without had been refined by passage through some rare medium. In my state of mind I could hardly comprehend the objects before me at a glance. But I knew that I was in an artist's studio. Benton was silent, but my eye selected at once the prominent painting in the apartment. I looked, and was struck with a fit of shivering. It was the portrait of my bride—my darling Jane. I was dumb. I could not have spoken had it been to save my life.

I have no idea how long I had stood thus, when Mr. Benton approached me, and took my unresisting hand. "Mr. Kennedy," said he with a choking sound in his throat, "I knew of no proper way for me to contribute to the happiness of one whom I have loved as I can never love another, except by doing a pleasure to the man whom she has honored by her love. I thought it would be pleasant to you to have a portrait of your wife, as she appeared in her bridal attire; and at my solicitation she has been here a number of times to sit for her picture. Her friend Miss Stephens